

UNITED SCOTTISH CHOIR

Spring Concert

CIVIC AUDITORIUM CONCERT HALL

Tuesday, April 7th, 1936



ASSISTING ARTISTS

Mr. W. L. Tennent - - - - - Tenor

Mr. Alex Ross - - - - - Bass

Pipe Majors: John Coghill, John Duke
and Donald Macleod

Dancers - - - - - Pupils of Margaret Ritchie

PETER LOGAN,
Conductor.

JAMES SAUNDERS,
Accompanist.

SHOES THAT FIT

*because
they're
fitted
by*
X-RAY

WHEN you buy shoes here you are sure of getting utmost value in style . . . long wear . . . general satisfaction.

But that isn't all.

You also get absolute assurance of perfect fit, by the only known scientific method of fitting shoes—X-Ray.

One pair of mis-fitted shoes may start you on the road to foot troubles. Why take a chance, when it costs you nothing to be *sure* of perfect fit?

Come in and let us demonstrate.

D-3-31

X-RAY SHOE FITTING

MACDONALD SHOE STORE LTD.

494 MAIN STREET

WINNIPEG, MAN.

UNITED SCOTTISH CHOIR

PATRONS:

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

SIR HUGH S. ROBERTON

HON. PRESIDENT:
MR. R. D. WAUGH

HON. VICE-PRESIDENT:
MR. DAVID COOPER

PRESIDENT:
MR. WM. PATERSON

VICE-PRESIDENT:
MRS. NORMAN MONRO

SECRETARY-TREAS.:
MRS. J. C. STEWART

To foster the love for, and interest in, Scottish Music.

PROGRAMME

1.—BAGPIPE SELECTION

PIPE MAJORS: JOHN COGHILL, JOHN DUKE and DONALD MACLEOD

2.—CHOIR

(a) Highland Marching Song..... *arr. McLeod*

Marching to the call of clan and country,
Marching to the pibroch loud and shrill,
Crag and corrie, stream and mountain,
Fire my heart with valour and love of country
still.

Land of the bold! Land of my clansmen!
Land of the free! Land of lands!

Down thro' ages old in song and story,
Down thro' history's page a tale so vast,
Crag and corrie, stream and mountain,
Seem to waken echoes and visions of the past.
Land of the bold! Land of my clansmen!
Land of the free! Land of lands!

—Roy Duncan

(b) Ettrick Banks..... *arr. Bantock*

On Ettrick banks ae summer's night,
At gloaming when the sheep cam'hame,
I met my Yassie, hra' and tight,
While wand'ring thro' the mist her lane.
My heart grew light I ran and flang
My arms about her bonny neck,
I kiss'd and clasp'd her there fu' lang
My words they were na' mony feck.

I said, my Lassie, will you gang
To Highland hills, the Ersh to learn
And there ye shall have cow and ewe
When you come to the brigg o' Earn.

At Leith, auld meal comes in (ne'er fash)
And herring at the Broomy Law,
Cheer up your heart my bonny Lass
There's gear to win we never saw.

A' day, when we ha'e toll'd enough
When winter's frost and snaw begin
And when the sun gangs west the Loch
At night when you fa' fast to spin;
I'll screw my drones, and play a spring;
And thus the dreary night we'll end
Till tender kids and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer hack again.

(c) March of the Cameron Men..... *arr. Bantock*

There's many a man of the Cameron clan,
That has follow'd his Chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him,
Or die by his side, for a Cameron never can
yield.

I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen;
While light springing footsteps are trampling
the heath,
'Tis the March of the Cameron Men.

Oh! proudly they walk, hut each Cameron
knows,
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his Chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gather'd before.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path,
Now trod by the gallant and true;
High, high are their hopes for their Chieftain
has said,
That whatever men dare, they can do.

3.—HIGHLAND FLING

PUPILS OF MARGARET RITCHIE

Dancers: Margaret Ritchie, Mary Mullholland, Eleanor Murray, Lillian Nicoll,
Shirley Binnie, Pearl Keith, Barbara Beatson, Madeline Murray.

Margaret Ritchie

DANCING STUDIO

201 Osborne Street

Telephone 89 239

ALL FORMS OF DANCING TAUGHT

4.—CHOIR

Killiecrankie *J. A. Moonie*
(MR. W. L. TENNENT, SOLOIST)

I. PROLOGUE.

Sound the pipe, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys,
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried—
Than we bring with us to-day—
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best befits a victor
From the altar of his fame:
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battlefield!
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II. THE BATTLE

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadsword's edges,
And we proved them to be true!
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet

Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's horse and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert.—
Judge how looked the foemen then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Horse and man went down like drift-wood,
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their corpses now are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

III. EPILOGUE.

And the evening star was shining
On Schiehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer!
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græmel

—Prof. Aytoun

5.—BAGPIPE SELECTION

6.—AUDIENCE AND CHOIR

(a) Loch Lomond *arr. R. V. Williams*

By yon bonny banks and by yon bonny braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont
to gae,
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus:

O you'll take the high road and I'll take the
low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet
again
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where deep in purple hue the Highland hills
we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birds sing and the wild fow'rs
spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring
again
Tho' the woeful may cease from their greeting.

THE HOUSE OF McLEAN

Established 51 Years

OFFERS

A complete selection of the World's Six Leading Radios
General Electric, Kelvinator and Sparton Electric Refrigerators
Connor Electric Washers
The Heintzman Piano — Band and Orchestral Instruments
Music Teachers' Supplies

Convenient Terms Arranged

J. J. H. McLean & Co. Ltd. 329 Portage Ave.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

(b) The Road to the Isles *Marjorie Kennedy-Fraser*

A far croonin' is pullin' me away
As take I wi' my cromak to the road
The far Coolins are puttlin' love on me
As step I wi' the sunlight from my load.

Refrain:

Sure, hy Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Loch-
aber I will go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles;
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's
In my step,
You've never smelt the tangle o' the Isles.

Oh, the far Coolins are puttlin' love on me,
As step I wi' my cromak to the Isles.

It's by Sheil water the track is to the west,
By Aillort and hy Morar to the sea,
The cool crosses I am thinkin' o' for pluck,
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

It's the blue Islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame,
The blue Islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

—McLeod

7.—BASS SOLO

MR. ALEX ROSS

(a) Hame *H. Walford Davies*

Hame, hame, hame fa'n wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie
When the flower is in the hud,
And the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame
In my ain countrie.

O there's naught frae ruin my countrie to save,
But the Keys o' kind heaven to open the grave.

That a' the noble martyrs who dled for loyalte
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

The great are now gane, a' who ventured to
save,
The new grass is springing on tap o' their
grave,
But the sun thro the mirk hlinks blithe in
my e'e

I'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie.

—Allan Cunningham

(b) The Standard on the Braes O' Mar..... *Laing*

The standard on the Braes O' Mar,
Is up and streaming rarely,
The gath'ring pipe on Lochnagar,
Is sounding loud and sairly.
The Hielandmen frae hill and glen,
Wi' belted plaids and glitt'ring blades,
Wi' bonnets blue and hearts sae true
Are coming late and early.

I saw our chief come o'er the hill,
Wi' Drummond and Glengarry.
And thro' the pass come hawe Lochiel,
Panmuir and gallant Murray.

Macdonald's men, Clanronald's men,
Mackenzie's men, Macgilvray's men,
Strathallan's men, the lowland men,
O' Callender and Airly.

Our Prince has made a noble vow,
To free his country fa'ily,
Then wha wad be a traitor now,
To ane we lo'e sae dearly?
We'll go, we'll go, and meet the foe,
By land or sea, where'er they be,
Then man to man, and in the van,
We'll win or die for Charlie.

—Alexander Laing

8.—CHOIR

(a) Wha'll Be King But Charlie?..... *arr. Finlay*

The news frae Moldart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in
And landed Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather,
Aroond him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Aroond him cling wi' a' your kin
For wha'll be king but Charlie!

The Hieland clans, wi sword in hand,
Frae John-o'-Groat's to Airlie

Ha'e to a man declar'd to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows baith late an' early
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete an' early,
His very name my heart's blood warms,—
To arms for Royal Charlie.

—Lady Nairne

(b) The Land O' The Leal *Thomson*

I'm wearin' awa' Jean, like snaw in a thaw,
Jean,
I'm wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's naither could nor care, Jean,
And the day is aye fair,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye aye were leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you to the land o' the leal.
Oor bonnie bairn is there, Jean,

She was baith guld and fair, Jean,
And we grudg'd her sair to the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me to the land o' the leal.
Noo fare ye weel my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain in the land o' the leal.

—Lady Nairne

9.—REEL

PUPILS OF MARGARET RITCHIE

FINEST TAILORING

- BEAUTIFUL WOOLENS
- PERFECT FIT
- SERVICE THAT YOU ENJOY
- PRICES THAT APPEAL

THAT IS WHAT WE OFFER

The Finest Collection of Men's Fine Clothes in Winnipeg
Ready to Wear and Tailored to Measure

Service Clothes Shops Ltd.

PARIS BUILDING
255 PORTAGE AVENUE

Associated with STAN EVANS STYLE SHOP — Hats and Haberdashery

10.—CHOIR

(a) The Flowers of Edinburgharr. *Finlay*

Sing a lay, sing a song 'mild the primrose and
the snowdrop
Tread a measure in the meadow for the coming
o' the spring;
Swing away, swing along, swaying llight as
blown anemones
Delighted meet the breezes that the young
years bring.
O dance, dance, happy-hearted maids and
merry
Parted far from gloomy winter and the bleak
days done,
Dance along the greeny lawn from the stirring
o' the dawn,
Till the cherry blossom shimmers in the sweet
March sun.

Give your arms, give your charms to the music
o' the morning,
Leave your dreams o' love a little for the glory
o' your life;
Youth is rare, youth is fair, be you hlythe and
bonny while you may
Nor stint while shrill the fiddle, flute, and far-
heard fife.
O dance, dance, lissom lassies while Spring,
your sister passes
Scattering her flow'rets from her green robe's
fold,
Let this happy morning be far from care and
passion free.
'Twill be time enow for grieving when the
year grows old.

—W. H. Hamilton

(b) Inishail*Kenneth Finlay*

I will go and leave the street-ways,
And the World's wild dinsome places,
With the hurrying, weary feet-ways,
And the folk of frenzied faces.
I will go through darken'd spaces
Morning glad or starlight pale,
Through the rivers and the passes,
Till I find among the grasses,
Long, sweet sleep among the grasses
Of the graves of Inishail.

Ah! ye daunt me with your wonder
And your toils about you lying;
Oh, ye cities with your thunder,
And your children in you dying;
And I weary, ever sighing

For the whlisper of the west,
Where the glow and glamour meeting,
And the waves on long shores beating,
Are but echoes of the beating
Of the life's blood in my breast.

I will platt a roof of rashes
For the low place of my sleeping,
Where the wistful water plashes
Crooning, croodling, laughing, weeping.
And the winds from Cruachan sweeping
Join their gladness and their wall.
Till the angel's glory hlinds me;
And the long sleep comes and finds me,
In the tangled grasses finds me,
By the graves of Inishail.

—Lauchlan Maclean Watt

(c) Kate Dalrymple*Frederick Archer*

In a wee cot house far ayont the mulr
Where pease-weeps, plovers, and whaups cry
dreary,
There liv'd a braw lass for mony a lang year
Wham ne'er a lover e'er ca'd deary.
A lanely lass was Kate Dalrymple
A thrifty quean was Kate Dalrymple,
Nae music except the hurkle's wimple
Was heard roun' the dwelling o' Kate Dalry-
mple.

Her face has a smack o' the gruesome and
grim
Which did frae the fash o' a' wooers defend
her,
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin
Which brang folks in mind o' the auld witch
o' Endor.

A wiggle in her walk has Kate Dalrymple
A sneevil in her talk has Kate Dalrymple,
And mony a cornelian and cairngorm pimple
Beam'd on the dun face o' Kate Dalrymple.

But mony are the ups and the downs o' this
life
When the dice-box o' Fate's turn'd tapsaiteerie,
And Kate fell heiress to a rich man's estate
And noo for a wooer she's nae cause to weary.
For the Squire cam' a wooin' to Kate Dalry-
mple
The priest, scrapin', booin', cam' to Kate
Dalrymple,
On each lover's face was seen love's smiling
dimple
She's nae mair Kate, hut Miss Dalrymple.

But she often thoct as she sat by hersel'
She wad wed Willie Speedlespool, the sarken
weaver,
And noo to the wahster the secret she does tell
Wha for love, or for int'rest, kindly did receive
her.

He flung by his heddles for Kate Dalrymple
He burn'd a' his treddles for Kate Dalrymple,
Tho' his richt e'e did skelly an his left leg
did wimple
He's wedded noo to Kate Dalrymple.

—William Watt

AULD LANG SYNE

GOD SAVE THE KING

BUY "BRAEMORE" SILK HOSIERY

—And be Sure of the Best!

You can be sure they're smart, flattering and shimmering—you can be sure, too, that they're moderately priced—that there's a style for every occasion, a shapeliness of leg and an extra smoothness of texture! In three weights:

Light Service Weight—with welt and splicings of lisle for business.

Ringless Grenadine Chiffon—Silk to top, sheer and fine.

Silk to Top Semi-Service—with new flexible tops for women who are hard to fit.

In a good range of the sea son's colors.

Sizes 8½ to 10½.

Pair

85c

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

FAMOUS
for
250 YEARS

South African
WINES and BRANDY



PAARL TAWNY (Port)	
Gallon	\$3.00
26-oz.	\$1.00
SHERRY	
Gallon	\$3.25
26-oz.	\$1.00
KEY BRAND BRANDY	
26-oz.	\$2.00
13-oz.	\$1.00

*Produced within
the Empire*

This advertisement is not inserted by Government Liquor Control Commission. The Commission is not responsible for statements made as to quality of products advertised